



THE OMEN



Volume 55 Issue 1

The Omen · Volume 55, Issue 1
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(we forgot to ask the question until after a bunch of us had left)

Front Cover: Shanti Franzoni
Back Cover: Leo Zhang

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Ida's mailbox (1240)

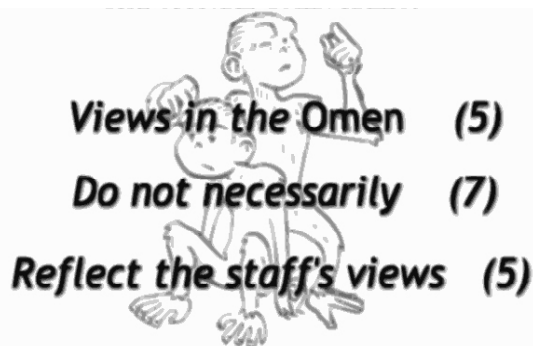
Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.



EDITORIAL

Ida Kao

Hi! I'm Ida. If you're reading this, you must be holding a copy of the latest Omen, Volume 55 Issue 1. I'm the editor, writing the editorial, as editors tend to do. This year, I was also an orientation leader, and as a Division III student, I have seen Hampshire College as it underwent a remarkable set of changes, and is still changing, and all of the F21s getting thrown headfirst into the chaos. One thing that I've learned in my three years (plus a few weeks) here is that institutional memory here is absolutely terrible, and the various problems you and your peers recognize and talk about have been around for decades. There's a good chance a few students have tried to do something to address it, and there might even be a student trying to address that right now! Unfortunately, without institutional memory here to teach them the lesson that was learned before, these students tend to repeat the same few mistakes again and again. I don't know how to fix these huge structural problems, and I'm not sure anyone on campus does. What I hope to do in this particular editorial is to dump just about everything I know in here, in the hopes that at least one student who picks up this issue will get something out of it. If your life is just a little bit easier and/or more pleasant because of what I wrote, and that means you have more time to devote to fixing the many problems here at Hampshire, then I will have done what I set out to do. (Bonus points if it inspires you to submit your own tips and tricks to The Omen, or directly reach out to and help younger students navigate this place if/when you've oriented yourself.)

I've tried to split this up into what will make your life easier, and what things on campus are happening that you should care about, assuming you haven't already noticed it. This is a somewhat arbitrary distinction, since you should care about and want to change things that are making your life harder. Still, I need some kind of way to categorize these paragraphs so it's not overwhelming, because Hampshire is overwhelming as it is. Also note that this is not an exhaustive list. I would have written an entire book already if I were trying to get everything down.

Making your life easier:

- Let's get the harshest stuff out of the way: every college will promise you the world, and then fail to meet those expectations. I think Hampshire is especially prone to this, since it's billed as a place meant for those who are failed by the traditional school system of tests and letter grades. My possibly unpopular opinion is that it's not just Hampshire; many of these problems exist at other institutions, particularly other under resourced liberal arts colleges. This is exacerbated by our worsened financial

situation, but it's not like we've ever had tons of money to spend. If you come in knowing that your expectations will probably not be met and make the best of what you're given, you will be far less bitter and jaded than most students.

- Similarly, Hampshire's very mission statement is focused on radicalism and transformation, which conflicts with its very existence. Every institution is inherently conservative. If they are not, they cease to exist. Sometimes those things being conserved are good and worth conserving, but all too often it's just upholding racism, heterosexism, and all other forms of prejudice that ought to be rooted out. Again, you should not come in expecting Hampshire to be some kind of utopia. What I think this campus can get right most (albeit not all) of the time, is that its students pay attention when these problems arise, and most likely will respond. Sometimes those responses are flawed, and sometimes there is no justice. Again, that's true everywhere. The most effective and well-organized groups can't win every battle.
- Cultivating positive relationships with staff and faculty can get you pretty far, as can showing up in person and demanding attention from someone who can actually help you. Those aren't necessarily opposites; you can be polite but still insistent. If someone from a certain office recognizes your face and can call you by your name, it can go farther than sending a million emails.
- Talk to staff and faculty who have been at Hampshire for a long time. There's a very good chance that a new thing that someone has come up with is not very new at all, and that someone has no clue it's been attempted before. There are valuable lessons to be learned from the failures of the past, and I've seen students go in blindly and with great optimism only to repeat the same mistakes. It's an unnecessary duplication of effort, and it's honestly really sad to see. I attribute this to the extreme lack of institutional memory on this campus, and it can really only be cured by finding out what's happened in the past, and talking to the few people who have stuck around for 10+ years is probably your best bet.
- If someone fucks up, *you should absolutely attempt to hold that person accountable for it*. That person is probably underpaid and overworked, but that doesn't mean they have a right to be incompetent or downright malicious and harm you without a reason. "Harm without reason" is rather nebulous, and oftentimes misapplied when often that thing, while "hurting" students by prohibiting them from doing something they want to do, has a good reason behind it. However, there are just as many bullshit charges put on student accounts by the HOO or expectations of free or woefully undercompensated labor that can and should be pushed back against.
- Social life at Hampshire is hard, and it's even harder when you don't drink, smoke, or do other substances. There is a sizable minority of substance free students on this

campus, but even so, I think this difficulty persists even if you're fine being around others who are drinking, smoking, or doing other substances, like I am. My idea of a good time is hanging out in a dorm basement on Thursday nights with Adobe InDesign open and not parties in the woods, so I have never quite gotten the hang of the whole socializing thing, but my guess is that Hampshire has a culture of developing close knit groups early on that rarely welcome new people and don't often intermingle aside from classes, specific events and activities, and work study jobs. This means if you aren't part of a group early on, you'll be spending most of your time at Hampshire alone.

I was one of those people even before coming to Hampshire, and the lesson I've learned is that this tends to lead to students to define themselves for four years relative to this tight knit group only for that group to disperse as soon as they graduate. That doesn't mean you can't or shouldn't do things and find them fun solely because your friends do them with you, or do things with your friends you already know you enjoy, because spending time with friends is great. After high school, your friends all went off to different colleges and made new friends. Someday, the students here will leave to go across the country, if not the globe. You may still stay in touch, but it's not the same as living a few minutes away from them and seeing each other all the time. Defining what you care about and love doing, independent of your friends, matters because life circumstances mean they won't necessarily stick around in your life and you want to have something you can enjoy doing with or without them.

I showed the last two paragraphs to an alum, who of course has actually experienced life post-Hampshire. He notes that some of his closest friends right now are from Hampshire and he even visits them in real life, and he agrees that it's important to find something you want to do even without your friends being involved. It's important to note he goes to grad school in NYC, which has a ton of Hampshire alums.

- Are you not on the meal plan, need to keep costs down, and unwilling to eat Top Ramen for the entire academic year, but have no clue how to start feeding yourself? Budget Bytes has a cost per serving breakdown, vegetarian options (although you can just leave the meat out of most recipes that include them, as they're mostly used for flavor rather than the base), and a wide range of recipes that can suit most American palates. I also highly recommend a slow cooker, rice cooker (it's not just for rice), and a sheet pan alongside the standard pots and pans. I have not felt the need for an Instant Pot or any other multi-cooker just yet, but it might be worth the slightly higher price point, assuming you don't need to keep two things cooking at the same time.
- If you enroll in a class at UMass, you will get a UMass email address, typically with your first initial and last name. You can use that address to get a subscription to the New York Times. Regardless of when you actually plan to graduate, I would list your

graduation date as four years from now.

- Amherst College has no restrictions on how many pages students can print. Be aware that they currently have restrictions on who can enter their buildings on campus.
- Go shopping in the free piles, at the other colleges if you're brave enough, particularly at the end of the year. Unless there's something you need really urgently and/or shouldn't be purchased new (please don't fish underwear out of there), most students will spend less money on clothing and have more for everything else. A caveat: depending on your sense of style and body proportions, you may only be able to pick through the random household items and boxes of nonperishables.
- When there aren't pandemic restrictions, the other colleges are a great place to study, score free food, and generally get away from campus. I find UMass a little overwhelming even with a map, but anyone used to navigating cities will probably do just fine.
- This is my preferred method of acquiring necessary readings for class, if the professor does not provide it for you. This assumes that you are only looking for books, research papers, and similar text-based items, are able to read both on a screen and on paper, but prefer having a hard copy. This method can be adjusted quite easily according to your preferences.
 1. Ask your instructor (or whoever might have this information) whether the edition matters or if they require your readings be in a hard copy for class.
 2. Go to the Harold F. Johnson Library front page and find the title you're looking for. If you scroll down a bit, under Loans, Renewals, and Requests you can click on Hampshire and Five Colleges to log in. Then use the search bar to find the book you need. If it's available in print, click on the item and there should be a way to request the item. The benefit of doing this is that you can do it anywhere on any device that connects to the internet, including in class, and more than once I was able to request a book almost and my classmates, who went to pull the book from the stacks themselves, went to check it out only to find it was on hold by someone else.
 3. If it's available as an ebook through the library, I strongly prefer that to spending money buying a hard copy or pirating it. Most, if not all libraries, including Hampshire's, track which books get used and how often, and frequent usage of any book give the library justification to ask for funding.
 4. If it's still not available digitally, I have used the interlibrary loan (ILL) a few times, and it can take a few days and filling out the form can be extraordinarily confusing (hence why I'm not typing out a whole explanation on how to use ILLiad), but pretty much everything is available if you're willing to put in the work and be patient, including books that none of the Five Colleges have and peer reviewed papers. The library should be able to help with that process.

5. If you're waiting for the hard copy and it's not available digitally through the library, or you can't be bothered to do an ILL request, check the Library Genesis for books and Sci Hub for research papers. Both sites move domains frequently, so the best practice is to search the names and see which URLs are most up to date. LibGen especially isn't comprehensive, and there are definitely similar sites I don't know off the top of my head that can be used for books you can cross reference if LibGen doesn't work.
6. I have never had to do this, but if you have a strong preference for hard copy and can't handle reading long texts off a screen or need digital copies for text-to-speech software, or the instructor is adamant about using a certain edition and referencing the page numbers in class, buying the version you need is still a last resort. Amherst Books is one of the few local bookstores left in the area, and if you can spare the few extra dollars, it's worth buying new from there instead of used or rented from one of the many extraordinarily profitable websites like thriftbooks or, of course, Amazon. It should go without saying, since I think the default assumption is that students are buying their texts and shelling out hundreds in the process, but I still felt like I should put it here.
- PLEASE DO NOT MICROWAVE SWEATERS OR OTHER ARTICLES OF CLOTHING, PAPERS, OR OTHER NON-FOOD ITEMS. It will make your life and those of everyone around you significantly easier.

Things you should care about (but don't necessarily make your life harder):

- Aside from some identity based student groups, The Omen, Theater Board, Red Scare, Yurt Radio, Mixed Nuts, and some of the student groups that are tied to the Center for Design, it's safe to assume the activity you're participating in won't be around a few years from now. Most of these groups are kept going because staff and faculty play a huge role in finding signers when the last cohort was all Division IIIs. The only exceptions to this rule that I know of are Mixed Nuts and The Omen, which mostly function without institutional support beyond funding and a physical meeting space. I find this lack of continuity quite sad, the overly sentimental sap that I am, and alums to this day mourn the death of Excalibur, and with it, Deathfest, a DnD, battle to the death style game that typically happens in the spring and drew over 200 players from around the Pioneer Valley in its heyday. (If you want to bring Deathfest back, check page 10!)
- The College will fail to engage you, both now and after you graduate, and that's mostly because of money. There are so many alums doing super cool stuff, and they want to host lectures, panels, and workshops, or just straight up talk to current students about where they're at in their careers. It's not just Ken Burns and Lupita Nyong'o either. Among past Omen editors alone, we have a lawyer who is currently

on the Board of Trustees, a comic book artist who used to work for Marvel, a former editor of Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D. and currently editing Picard, and a journalist who used to work for The Washington Post (ironic, considering The Omen is as far away from journalism as a campus paper can be). Other Omenites are currently librarians, software engineers, a playwright, and a television show writer currently at Syfy.

- What is maddening is that these alums don't want all that much. The ones I've talked to often just want to know what has managed to stick around after all these years, given how often programs run out of funding or that one person keeping everything organized for a specific student group graduates and no one else cares enough to continue it. Alumni & Family Relations and other offices on campus are underpaid and overworked, and I have heard from countless alums that they've emailed offering to host an event and received with enthusiasm only to get radio silence later on, or outright rejected. I've attempted to get alums in touch with the appropriate office, and so far the only luck I've had is by contacting professors instead of AFR or CORC.
- Hampshire used to contract a company called Bon Appetit for its food. (The Dining Commons nickname, Saga, comes from a company Hampshire contracted decades ago). Bon Appetit employees were unionized. Now Hampshire does that in house and employees are not unionized.
- Change is good and oftentimes even necessary, but if systems that work fine start breaking down, that has implications for everyone. I'm specifically thinking of FundCom as an example, because that's what I'm familiar with, but I'm sure there are plenty of situations like this on campus. I won't get into the details because anyone who cares can come to FundCom meetings and become a voting member after attending three, but for now I'll just say that we need more students to show up and more staff to get hired, because a lack of both has been affecting how quickly student groups can get money. (Yes, this is a somewhat rushed attempt at getting students to show up to FundCom and become voting members. Seriously, we can't operate without students showing up and getting involved.)

SECTION SPEAK

Submitted by Willow Volante (alum)

Volante Design is a small clothing company that makes video-game and nerdy clothing. All our products are designed and made by us! Seeking interns who want to work hard and have some practical skills. We'd be happy to have a video editor/able photographer or media person. We'd be happy to have anyone who can sew. Coding, animation and IT are all useful skills that we'd value as well! There is lots to learn about how a small company works and how the clothing industry works. We're all pretty inclusive and nice. Success at Volante Design is based on merit and work and as such we're always looking for people who are focused on "getting it done."

Email us at info@volantedesign.us with a cover letter stating why you'd like to work at Volante Design and what you think you've got to offer as well as a resume!

Bonus Rectangle

Bonus Rectangle is a weekly drift through Hampshire College's 16mm film collection hosted by Media Services Manager, alum (94F), and weirdo artist Neil Young. Each week he will project a selection of celluloid films, activating this collection to new eyes/ears and collectively celebrating cinema with the intent to explore, assess, analyze and marvel at this very physical medium. Please read more about it here.

Screenings Tuesdays 7pm at JLC 131 (MASKS REQUIRED)

(Be on the lookout for bonus-bonus surprise off-menu/off-cat additions !)

Sept 28, 2021

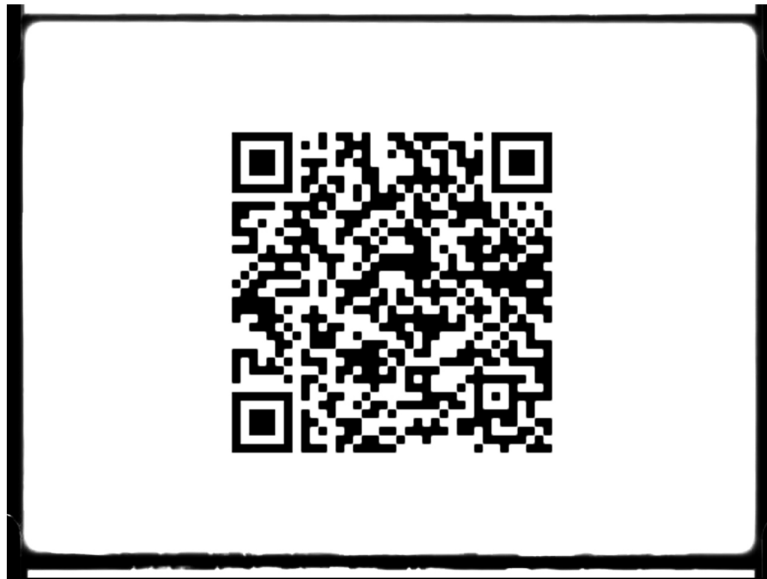
Puerto Rico: paradise invaded (1976) – 28 mins – Alfonso Beato FILM 458

Eldure i Heimaey (1975) – 31 mins – Osvaldur Knudsen and Villi Knudsen FILM 518

Mercy (1989) – 10 mins – Abigail Child FILM 625

BONUS RECTANGLE

FILM EXCAVATIONS FROM THE BUNKER



TUESDAYS 7PM JLC 131
SCREENING 16MM FILMS
FROM HAMPSHIRE'S COLLECTION

Submitted by Neil Young

How to Revive Deathfest (Part I)

by Ethan Ludwin-Peery, FST, & Alex V (alums)

Back from the Deathfest

Deathfest was Hampshire College's once-a-semester roleplaying tournament that ran from 2000 until some time around 2017. "Deathfest is a simplified-D20 RPG," wrote FST in 2013, "so a little bit like D&D's goofy younger brother, where instead of fighting kobolds as an elf mage, you might fight a giant squid as a sentient pot of coffee."

The first Deathfest was run in 2000, but the tradition has roots even further back in the murky past. Before Deathfest there was an annual Ravenloft (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ravenloft>) tournament (its name currently lost), possibly started on Halloween 1991 (which would make it about the same age as the authors).

The exact roots remain something of a mystery, and accounts differ on the details. A "Deathfest Bible" compiled by a couple Deathfest DMs around 2013 says:

Deathfest began as the Hampshire Autumn Chess Tournament in 1971. Things escalated quickly through the 70s and early 80s with the introduction of the parallel poker tournament and all-school dungeon crawl, which swept the rest away in the mid-80s to bring about the Deathfest we know today.

A 2009 post from [Baka-TV.com](http://www.baka-tv.com/?p=113) (<http://www.baka-tv.com/?p=113>) ("The News is Always Wrong") on the occasion of Deathfest Spring 2009, says:

Deathfest was originally called Ravenloft back at Halloween 1991. It started off with just 15 people in the Dakin House basement and they invited anyone who was interested to come and play. It is a RPG tournament that uses a simplified D&D system. Back then, Ravenloft had 3 dungeon masters and now, Deathfest on Spring '09 had 13 dungeon masters. And what they do is split the rat pack of adventurers into groups for a game. This year, they split us into 9 groups and each game had a theme.

Erin Snyder, one of the three original Deathfest DMs, had this to say about the origins of the tournament:

Before I went to Hampshire, there was a Ravenloft tournament, but it was defunct by the time I got there. Deathfest started as an attempt to revive it and kind of grew into its own thing.

There were three DM's (myself, Dan Neff, and Joe Laycock). I think there were between 30 and 40 players the first time we held it, maybe a few more. We held three or four while I was at Hampshire, so we definitely didn't manage one every semester.

We didn't really have themes aside from whatever premise we threw together (i.e.: vampire lord attacking a village, standard dungeon crawl, journey to hell, etc.). I know they got way more creative over time after I graduated.

Also, the best voice mail I ever got in my life was from the head of Public Safety doing a routine call for events asking if we needed security at "Deathfest 2000." I remember he paused before saying the name of the event, as if he was sure he was misreading it. I'll never forgive myself for failing to keep that recording. "I'm just calling to see if you need any security at... Deathfest 2000."

In any case, Deathfest grew from its humble possibly-in-a-basement beginnings to become a major Hampshire College nerd culture staple. In time, Deathfest came to take over every room, hall, and tunnel of Franklin Patterson Hall (<https://3dwarehouse.sketchup.com/model/d3de1d33b993e29289f624c3d8cda75a/Franklin-Patterson-Hall?hl=en>) (except for the weird, suspended western wing).

At some point people must have decided that one Deathfest per year was just not enough. By the time we got there, there was one Deathfest per semester: a fall Deathfest, and a spring Deathfest, every year. Double your death, double your fun.

At its height around 2009-2014, Deathfest regularly drew about 200 people every semester. Here are some photos of what Deathfest looked like back in the golden age:



Deathfest Spring 2010



Deathfest Fall 2010

Traditionally Deathfest was funded and hosted through the now-defunct student group Excalibur. Based on the activity on this facebook group (<https://www.facebook.com/HampshireCollegeDeathfest/>), Deathfest itself seems to have run up to 2017. Now it too is a nearly-lost tradition.



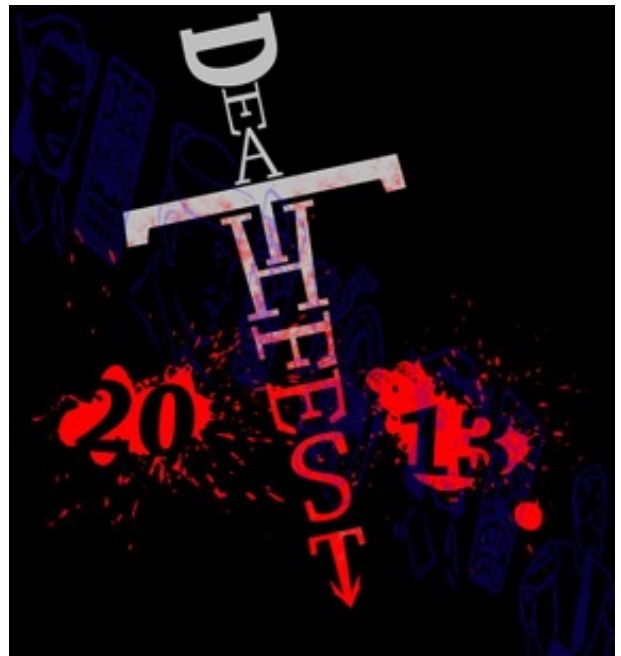
Deathfest Spring 2012, including your authors: standing pensive far left, glasses second from right, bewildered far right

There was a Deathfest banner at one point. The banner was stolen before Deathfest 2011, I can't remember if we ever got it back.



At one point there were t-shirts (<https://deathfest.bigcartel.com/>), designed by Chris Sommer. Many of us still

have them!



All three of us have run Deathfest at one point in our careers. We had a lot of fun, and so did the hundreds of students, alums, friends, etc. that we entertained and killed. We think it is too bad that this tradition has disappeared. So in this piece, we are recording all the trade secrets YOU need to revive it.

Deathfest materials that would be helpful in reviving the tradition — including schedules, audition materials, characters, posters, emails, templates, and much much more — can be found in the **DEATHFEST TIME CAPSULE** at tinyurl.com/h6fhafj6. In case that short URL ever goes kaput, the original long-ass URL is: https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/109mFb_P8UNBJiBC_CfKHxAowRIjlpux

Some notes from Ida, current student:

I've been talking to a few students, and the signers of the Making Myths Living Legends, a student group focused on role playing games (RPGs) like Deathfest and Dungeons and Dragons, is interested in making Deathfest happen this year! Please join the Making Myths Living Legends roster on HampEngage if you're interested in Deathfest or contact the signers! If you would like the full 31 page document written by Ethan, FST, and Alex, please let me know. If not, keep your eyes peeled for the next part in Volume 55 Issue 2!

Deathfest Spring '13 Twitter Feed with a Foreword by alum Ethan Ludwin-Peery

Back in the days when Deathfest (Hampshire College's semiannual roleplaying tournament) regularly drew 200 people to campus every semester, there was a tradition of livetweeting the event until the wee hours of the morning. There was a related tradition, usually carried out by Zach Clemente, of submitting the twitter feed of the event to the Omen for publication.

Thanks to this tradition, we have remarkably good records of what happened in every Deathfest from Spring 2010 to Fall 2013 (Omen Issues: Vol 34, #5; Vol 35, #5; Vol 36, #4; Vol 37, #5; Vol 38, #4; Vol 39, #6; Vol 41, #5). But somehow no one seems to have submitted a twitter feed for Deathfest Spring 2013. This is a shame because that Deathfest was a really good one, and it is doubly a shame because Spring 2013 was the semester I co-ran Deathfest with fellow alum FST.

Fortunately, the feed is not entirely lost to history — many of the tweets from that semester are still available on twitter. To correct this grievous error in the public record, I am now submitting the twitter feed from that fateful Deathfest to the Omen, in accordance with the ancient tradition. So without further ado, I give you, Deathfest Spring 2013:

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – So soon until #Deathfest and I'm very excited to get all kinds of killed.

Manning – @PBManning – Apr 6, 2013 – #deathfest first victim? That guy who excessively hates Rick Astley

Manning – @PBManning – Apr 6, 2013 – #deathfest so tonight's theme is business. I really hope one of the games is based on Aperture science

KMO @ GVBB – @kmchro – Apr 6, 2013 – Here we go. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Business suits and the cold steel of corporate professionalism, Ethan shaved, Will talking loudly on the phone in the lobby. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Tie-thulu makes a resurgence, illuminati symbols, and the horrors of middle management. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – The best worst formatted list in PowerPoint history. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – "You guys are showing a lack of Synergy."

#Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – I’ve never been more in love with Ethan.
#Deathfest

Bennett H – @grillerdude – Apr 6, 2013 – Seeing the #deathfest hashtag and missing everyone so much more. :’-

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Catchphrases and buzzwords abound.
#Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – GRAAAAAACE! #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – This can’t be better. #Deathfest

Manning – @PBManning – Apr 6, 2013 – Oh good, we have roleplayers. They /never/ slow things down with shaky accents and improvised dialogue #deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Aaaaaaand we’re off! Sir Saunterbludgget Hamptorfuppshire the stuffy rich duck away! #Deathfest

Manning – @PBManning – Apr 6, 2013 – Also, starting a game by dropping the players out of a plane? Good for easy early damage, but robs the players of agency #deathfest

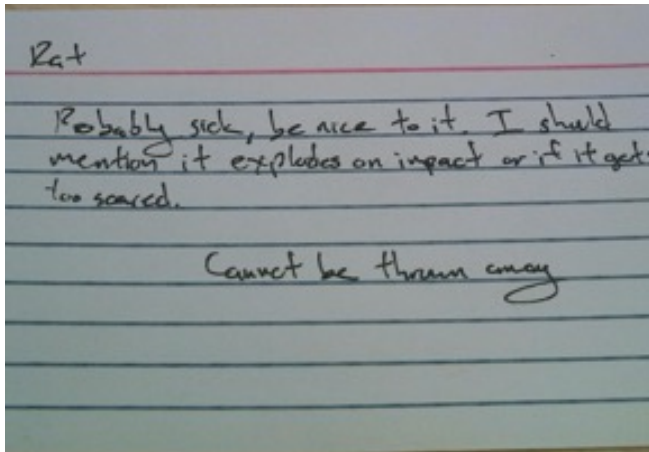
Manning – @PBManning – Apr 6, 2013 – A guy called tech support because of a shark on his face. TS made cats burst out of its eyes. #deathfest

Manning – @PBManning – Apr 6, 2013 – Just for clarity, I do have fun at Deathfest, I just like being snarky. #deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Disgusting. [PICTURE OF IAN CAMPBELL IN AN OASIS T-SHIRT AND CAT EARS] #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Will is playing the 3-headed beast of team building that is playing “Two Truths and a Dare” at #Deathfest

Zach Clemente – @clementeworks – Apr 6, 2013 – Now has an exploding rat. #Deathfest



Zach Clemente - @clementeworks - Apr 6, 2013 - Is he now super flammable? Yes. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente - @clementeworks - Apr 6, 2013 - Nothing brings people together like adversity! #Deathfest

Shannon "Don't Spread the Plague" Barnsley - @ShanBarnsley - Apr 7, 2013 - I miss the history of #Deathfest and the story behind the Creative Morality Award. The anthropology student in me enjoyed the ritualism.

Shannon "Don't Spread the Plague" Barnsley - @ShanBarnsley - Apr 7, 2013 - Too many survivors for 2:30 in the morning. The dice must flow. #Deathfest

Shannon "Don't Spread the Plague" Barnsley - @ShanBarnsley - Apr 7, 2013 - I think Tim's beard is the real Ultimate Badass. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente - @clementeworks - Apr 7, 2013 - Physicist, you just have to tell me why you would be a better CEO than a horde of dead animals. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente - @clementeworks - Apr 7, 2013 - Aaand BOTH ending players saved their once per #Deathfest until the end.

KMO @ GVBB - @kmchro - Apr 7, 2013 - Cheers to all the superstars who made #Deathfest really excellent. Twinrova will be back in the fall.

KMO @ GVBB - @kmchro - Apr 7, 2013 - The Forger meets their end, alas. #Deathfest

Zach Clemente - @clementeworks - Apr 7, 2013 - AND WE'RE DONE! #Deathfest

KMO @ GVBB - @kmchro - Apr 7, 2013 - SCREAM OF PAIN FROM THE AUDIENCE #Deathfest

FRIENDS WANTED

Echo is looking for friends!



I am an adventurous person with lots of love and compassion available to put towards friendships. I am looking to expand my social circle at Hampshire and develop new friendships.

Hobbies Include:

- Dancing: all kinds, but especially various forms of folk dancing
- Music: listening to, playing, and talking about music
- Extremely offkey singing
- Nature: climbing trees, hiking and long rambling walks
- Writing letters

I have been described as:

- Fun
- A good listener
- Open minded
- Compassionate
- Adventurous
- Willing
- Loving
- Enthusiastic

Send me and email at el21@hampshire.edu or find me on campus!

For references on the quality of a friendship with me, contact Tali Smith at smith_talia@wheatoncollege.edu

Submitted by Isaiah Woods

Thinking of texting him?

Want reassurance on your poor life
choices?

Just plain old bored?



NO WORRIES!

Just send all of your conundrums, dilemmas, paradoxes, and crappy movie ideas to
me @:



crappyadvice69@gmail.com and I will respond within 7 business days
with some premium bad advice!

WHAT IS FUNDCOM?

FundCom is the student group responsible for allocating the Student Activities Fund (SAF) to student groups. Student groups can request funding for meeting food, events, concerts, or trips.

**Discord.gg/
edGqFwPMBX**

WHAT IS THE SAF?

The SAF is the budget that is created from the Student Activities Fee that every Hampshire student pays as part of their tuition.

WHEN IS FUNDCOM?

Funding requests are reviewed every meeting.

**Monday 4PM
Tuesday 6:30PM
Wednesday 6PM**

In the FundCom office in the back of the APL.
We always welcome new members! Come to
3 meetings to become a voting member.



Submitted by Casper Binnett

**WONTON SOUP
WONTON SOUP**



I WANT WONTON SOUP

**I SWEAR TO GOD
WONTON SOUP**



^
< Submitted by Juliana Saxe

I'M GONNA KILL

SECTION LIES

Submitted by Cas Keteyian

So usually I don't dip my toe into RPF ("real person fiction" for those of you not in the know - fanfiction/theories/etc. about real people), reason being it's....kind of fucking creepy? But here's the thing: I do believe, with my whole heart and mind, that Brad Pitt and George Clooney are in love.

In 2001, Brad & George (Breorge?) met on the set of the hit heist movie Ocean's 11 together, directed by Steven Soderbergh. There's a lot to unpack here, which we won't get into this week - basically, they're super fucking gay about it.



normal things to do with your best guy friend



brad is wearing a wedding ring around his neck in this scene. i wish i were joking.

A word about Steven Soderbergh's directing style: "I try and make sure they [the actors] are OK, and when they're in the zone, I leave them alone. I don't get in their way." (From Steven Soderbergh's Wikipedia page.) The implication being.....Brad & George (Grad?) got to this place of extreme homosexuality on their own. And it wasn't an accident. Here's Mr. Clooney himself on 1997's Batman & Robin (which is, in fact, camp, and the best of the Batman movies):

"I could have played Batman straight, but I made him gay. I was in a rubber suit and I had rubber nipples."

Wow. Okay. There's a lot going on there, George? The point being: George Clooney knows about gay people.

However: it's not just about George & Brad (Gerad?)'s acting chops. It is, mostly, about how they're straight-up in love.

Here's what happened. These two men meet on the set of Ocean's 11, where they played characters who were very clearly in love. Did life imitate art, or art life? This is a question that can't be concretely answered. Here's what I can tell you: these men worked together for six years on the Ocean's trilogy, and over that period of time, they formed a life-long romantic and sexual bond.

And, hey, remember Mr. and Mrs. Smith? The movie where Brad famously played Angelina Jolie's husband and then fell in love with her in real life? Huh. It's almost like Brad Pitt has a history of falling in love with his costar.

Don't believe me? Feel like I'm just making things up? I have some pictures to show you.



look at this picture for a minute. (i do, for at least half an hour after i wake up and before i go to sleep.) what more do you need from me? **WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED?** brad is about to kiss george. out in public in front of god. and angelina is just **STANDING THERE** with a **PAINED LOOK ON HER FACE**. they're *in love*.



that's love in george cloney's eyes. that's **LOVE**. i need you to know that i'm not fucking kidding about this. they are in love.



hey, actually, let's talk about this one for a minute. we have the obvious point: the two of them staring soulfully into each other's eyes. but can we look at their hands for a second?

brad is just sort of gently holding george's tie. george is tenderly cupping his elbow. hey, mr. famous movie star? what the fuck.

another point:

Brad: The man who likes to look like his girlfriend



"sure," you say, "but that's just a thing that happened once. sometimes people wear the same outfit, cas. have you been getting enough sleep? are you eating?"

here's the thing, though:



(thank you for your concern, by the way. i've been up for a couple nights trying to find angelina jolie's number.)

in conclusion: mr. clooney and mr. pitt (clitt?) fell in love on the set of ocean's 11, beginning an affair that has spanned the last twenty years. when this news comes out publicly sometime in the next decade, let these words ring in your ears: *i fucking told you.*

Get in the Car

by Holland Silva

There are no street lamps on Elizabeth Road. There are no cars at night so why should the town waste money. In fact, there are rarely any cars at all so why did they even bother paving it. Although, perhaps tonight was the very reason. Elizabeth Road is a dead-end to a single house, home to a crotchety middle-aged man who has too much money and too little wants. That man has a sister, who has a son, who has friends, who have cars. And one night they have a party. Well, a party of sorts. Matt, the old man's sister's son, had made a plan. His uncle would be out of town attending a conference on astrophysics, of which he had no intention of retaining the information, but simply giving something for his dying brain to do. He only ever felt bored, alone in his dead-end house, but had no intention of moving. Where would he go? Matt had planned that while his uncle was away, he and a few friends would take advantage of the large isolated house and get drunk. Crash, maybe.

Although Matt soon realized the flaw in his plan. He was busy cooking a pizza as his friend Michelle got so drunk she threatened to write all over his uncle's office walls with a permanent marker.

"Matty, what's your favorite cuss word?" she asked with slurred speech. "Mine's fuck."

Matt eventually talked her down just as he realized there was no way he could get anything more than tipsy if he wanted his uncle's house to still be intact.

The house did remain intact, although covered in dirty dishes and various pieces of clothing, smelling like booze that spilled on the carpet. Matt thought he should get the most cleaning done before his friends woke up, most likely head pulsing with an intense hangover, the kind that makes you worry there could be a dead body in the other room. It was 3 AM at this point and Matt was beyond tired, but what else could he do? He wasn't sleeping, that's for sure. Not while his uncle's house looked like a frat.

Michelle and Vera were both asleep in the bedroom, the permanent marker still in Michelle's hand, used, from what Matt can see, to draw various patches of facial hair on Vera's face. Josh was passed out in the bathtub, the faucet set at a constant drip over his feet. Greg and Dylan were in the kitchen, Greg's head in a bowl of chips, Dylan's hand around a glass threatening to slip out of his grip and off the kitchen table, sending glass shards everywhere and further deepening the smell of beer Matt worried was permanently laced into the area's air supply. Matt quickly swiped the glass from his hand and brought it to the kitchen sink to begin the dishes realizing that it would take several runs through the washer just to get the thick paste intended to be guacamole off one of the bowls. Matt was washing the dishes for about fifteen minutes, picking up dishes from around the kitchen, knowing he'd have to search through the other rooms once he was done with the first load, when *THUD* came from the bedroom. Matt walked over to see that Michelle had fallen out of the bed and

onto the floor, somehow still comfortably asleep, now curling around a blanket that came with her. The marker had fallen a few feet away and Matt picked it up slowly, worried he might wake Michelle and get caught in the middle of a new burst of chaos, capped it, and put it on the dresser. He picked up several more glasses and dishware in the bedroom before returning to the kitchen. Matt placed the dishes by the sink, carefully taking the glass from Dylan's hand.

Matt was slowly running out of dish soap, figuring soon he would have to use a baking soda and vinegar substitute. Lucky, Matt supposed, to have earned a chemistry degree all those years ago. At least if he wasn't going to use it for his career, he could have clean dishes. Matt's dad had been a chemist until, a month after Matt had graduated from college, a nasty chemical burn took his vision. But Matt's father didn't worry so much about it. "I could've come out a lot worse from a career like that. It was too dangerous."

THUD again, coming from the bedroom. Matt hurried over, thinking Vera had fallen off the bed this time, to find the scene almost exactly as he left it, Michelle the only one on the floor, curled around a blanket. Matt scanned the room for anything else that could've fallen, paranoid for a moment that he imagined the sound. Matt noticed the marker on the floor again, uncapped and dangerously close to marking the hardwood. Maybe that fell? Matt thought to himself, quickly realizing that even if it did no way it would be that loud.

CRASH. The sound of glass breaking came from the kitchen, a single dish perhaps falling from where Matt stacked them on the counter. He walked back into the kitchen, worried the noise had woken Dylan or Greg, but both were still asleep despite the site of the crash so close to them, several glass shards mixing with beer underneath Dylan's hand, as though he dropped something he had been holding. The smell of booze grew stronger, the beer sinking into the floor beneath.

Matt stood for a moment in thought. He was tired. He must be tired. That's why he's imagining sounds. That's why he's imagining doing things he never did like picking up and capping the permanent marker or washing Dylan's glass. Matt carefully began cleaning up the pieces of glass and mopping the spilled drink, hoping the scent didn't last long, however it was only getting stronger the more Matt cleaned. He gave up, turning to the dishes again, washing the scent of DIY soap and alcohol mixing in an uncomfortable cocktail at the bottom of Matt's stomach. And once again, *THUD*.

Matt ran to the bedroom. He felt water under his feet in big shallow puddles, worried he might slip, but the urgency to run to the bedroom was so strong, it seemed as though he were walking on hot coals. The light in the hallway reflected against the water, revealing them to be in the shape of footprints, but Matt didn't have time to notice.

The bedroom was once again, almost exactly as Matt had left it, Michelle on the floor, Vera in bed, and the permanent marker still uncapped on the floor. The only difference was the wall covered in black streaks spelling out the words GET IN THE CAR.

Michelle was messing with him, Matt was sure. That's what the thuds were. That's why the wall is suddenly marked up, although why Michelle chose that phrase Matt is unsure. Matt didn't have time

to contemplate it anyway. He was too furious.

“Michelle! Get up!” Matt shouted at her, shaking her. “I know you’re not sleeping! Get the fuck up, Michelle!”

The sound of wet feet slapping against the hallway floor, thwap thwap thwap thwap thwap, quick but heavy. Matt turned around slowly before calling out, “It’s not funny! You’re cleaning this up!”

And then again- *CRASH!*

Matt didn’t move. He looked at Michelle and Vera again. Neither of them gave an indication that they were awake. It must be someone else messing with him. Maybe Dylan or Greg. Maybe Josh. Matt’s friends weren’t the type to play jokes, preferring instead to gab about their personal lives or otherwise bore themselves for hours. But when they were drunk they were unpredictable. Matt knew that. It’s what he liked about evenings like this which they only could do so often, even if their wildness stressed him out beyond belief. But Matt wouldn’t expect them to mess with him like this even when they’re-

A woman, about seven feet tall, legs long and spindly with knees jutting out from the skin like bitter apples pulling down tree branches. She was pale with brittle gray hair resting straight down her back, waiting at the end of the hallway. Waiting was the only word Matt could use to describe it as he stepped out of the bedroom and froze in place at the sight of her, forgetting to scream. He felt the only thing he could see were her eyes or lack thereof. In their place were two bloody cavities, the only spot of color on her entire body, a carmine hollow, begging and dormant.

The two waited for a moment, unbreathing, before the woman verbalized in a dark and blunt voice, “Get in the car.”

Matt didn’t know where his voice had gone, but it was no longer in his throat, nor were the muscles in his feet, still planted to the floor, stuck in the way of the woman repeating the phrase, “Get in the car.”

“Who are you?” Matt finally uttered, quickly realizing his voice was trembling and tight in his mouth, trying to fight through his tongue tied into knots.

“Get in the car,” was all she said.

“What?”

“Get in the car.”

Matt waited for a moment, contemplating what might happen should he decide to move. He could return to the bedroom to try to wake Vera and Michelle, risking his back turned to the woman. He could enter the bathroom to wake Josh and risk the same thing. Or he could try to wake Dylan and Greg, risking the worst, risking walking towards the woman, unsure of what she wanted or what she could do.

“Get in the car,” she said again.

Matt knocked on the door to the bathroom, hoping to wake Josh from his drunken oblivion.

“Josh!” he called.

“Get in the car.” Her voice was quiet but commanding. It was inhumanely clear and smooth like hot wax, hardening on the tip of a finger.

Matt opened the door to the bathroom and quickly glanced inside to see Josh just as dazed in the bathtub. “Josh!” he shouted, but it did not wake him. He looked back quickly to see the hallway unblocked, the woman nowhere to be found.

Matt shouted again, “Josh!”

THUD. CRASH!

“Get in the car,” from behind Matt’s ear. He turned, seeing the eyeless woman towering over him. He leapt backwards and rushed into the kitchen, the smell of beer the strongest it had ever been, making him dizzy and nauseated. Matt rushed over to Greg and Dylan, shaking them violently, trying to get them to wake up. Even if they were messing with him, Matt didn’t care. He wanted it to end and if that meant revealing how terrified he was to do it, it would be done.

“Please! Just call it off already, you win!”

“Get in the car.” The woman was now by the dishes, each of them falling, almost jumping, off the countertop and shattering into pieces. Despite their cleanliness, the smell of booze only got stronger, sending an ache through Matt’s body. The woman walked closer to Matt, forcing him closer to the door.

There was a moment of pause, both Matt and the woman unmoving before Dylan swiftly levitated in the air and shot through the window, the glass breaking into pieces strewn over the floor, blocking Matt from the hallway.

“DYLAN!” Matt called, terrified for his friend.

“Get in the car.”

Matt feared he had no choice, worried what the woman might do if he continued to defy her. He rushed outside, no light anywhere except for the dim windows of the house, the moon and stars covered up by clouds. The woman followed him, ducking in the doorway to leave the house, still remaining graceful and chilling.

“Get in the car,” she said again. Despite the lack of light, despite his immense fear, and the continual ache left from the scent of the dissipating booze, Matt supposed he should listen. Matt climbed into the car quickly and turned on the ignition.

“Drive,” was all he heard the woman say as he pulled out onto the road and began moving forward, completely surrounded by darkness, unsure of where he was supposed to go.

Matt drove faster than he’s ever done in his life, desperate to get somewhere with a phone to call the police or even just where people were awake and could help him. He kept looking behind himself, moving his eyes from the road, lit only by the car’s headlights. He wondered if he should go back for his friends, turning back one last time to see where he had been when *CRASH!*

Resilience

by Lia Smith

*For cousin Nadia—may she
never see this issue*

Peeled back as a baby
to reveal her delicate insides –
heart laid bare.
Someone wished upon her
like a flower and
stripped her of her petals
like the girls in the clubs
thick and rife with fathers of daughters
with everything to drink away
and no idea how to sprout a bulb
and free it from the dirt.
Her feet are planted
but the earth is undressed.
It's difficult to move a tree
without traumatizing it.
Blazers are armor, saying
Look at me if you dare,
do not doubt me
for I wear the uniform of Epictetus.
Only the educated are free.
Her etymology is that of champions:
Gymnast, actress, author.
The name ends
where the hull breaks in two
and drowns what comes after.
And even though the draft missed her
she still went to war.
The fallout happens inside the shelter.
Someone hurt you
with words of a serrated edge
and still broke bread in the dark
with you on their table.
Promises like snapped sand dollars
and half-built houses
that mold in the rain
and crumble
with someone
still sleeping
inside.

Wake up.
Nadia means “hope”

Section Hate

Citizen Kane: Cinematic Masterpiece or Cheap Ripoff?

A film critique

By Isaiah Woods

Orson Welles's magnum opus, often hailed as one of the greatest pieces of cinema ever made (Or THE greatest, depending on who you ask) has accrued many critiques over the years, almost all of which are incredibly positive. Critics and casual watchers alike rave on and on about the quality of the iconic 1941 classic, going as far as to call it "Brilliantly innovative!" and, "Decades ahead of its time." ... but was it really?

While researching the film I made a shocking discovery: "Citizen Kane" bares striking similarities to another film, suggesting that Welle's "masterpiece" may be nothing more than a knockoff of a superior piece of cinema. I am of course referring to the classic feature "Shrek 2" directed by the ever brilliant Conrad Vernon, and featuring the unparalleled talent of the one and only Mike Myers.

To those untrainted in the art of film criticism, the two pieces bare seemingly no resemblance. This was almost certainly Welles's intention, in the hopes of covering up his lazy thievery. Thankfully, to an experienced film critic such as myself, it was fairly simple to see through this charade.

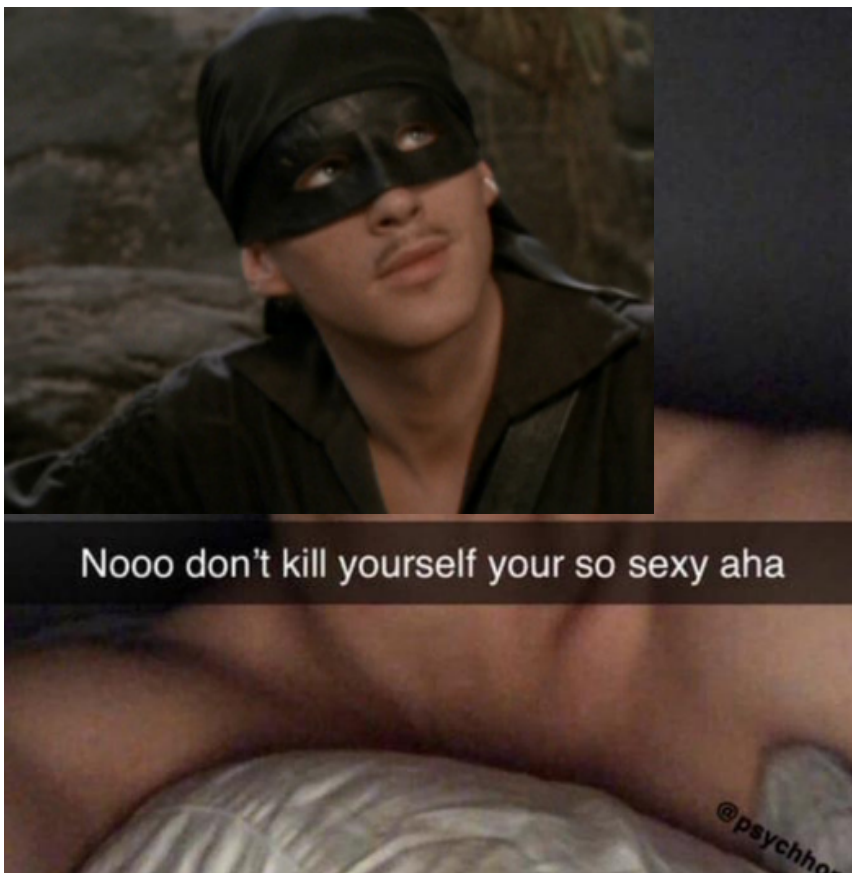
The first thing that really gave away the plagiarism to me is the subtle fact that both "Citizen Kane" and "Shrek 2" are movies... movies that have characters in them. I know that it's shocking, and it may take a little while for one to see the connection, but it's absolutely there. While our protagonists, the hunky ogre, and the pragmatic journalism mogul, may at first glance SEEM incredibly different, I can assure you that they are not. For one thing, both characters speak english, and this is one of the first places where we are truly able to see the sheer laziness of the copy job. Myers, as the titular role gives his character an incredibly sexy Scottish accent, while Welles in his narcissistic casting, simply speaks in the voice of a bland American man. This lack of commitment to character from Orson is honestly disgusting, and should alone be enough to turn viewers off from this cheap piece of nothing.

But if that wasn't enough, there are many other errors in Welles's bland xerox of the TRUE

cinematic masterpiece that is the second film in the “Shrek” franchise, several examples of which include: The distinct lack of a talking donkey (A complete oversight from an artistic standpoint), the presence of Kane’s mistress (Shrek is far too loyal to cheat on Fiona), and the cutting of several badass Ricky Martin musical numbers (Why?). While all of these are in themselves signs of poor film-making, together they clearly point to more direct pilfering, coming from that rat-bastard Orson. How does this prove anything of the sort you may ask? Well, consider this: What other film(s) are missing a talking donkey, include infidelity, and minimal Ricky Martin? If you said “The twilight saga” you would be correct. Yup, thats right, Orson Welles may have literally gotten the idea for not having a talking donkey in his movie from f*cking Twilight. Real smooth Orson, real smooth.

While my reasoning up until this point for believing the work of Mr. Welles to be no more than a two bit copycat may be up for debate, I would like to finish off my critique with a piece of irrefutable evidence: Orson Welles is dead. Yes, you read that correctly. The fraud knew that I was onto him, and he figured that if he were to expire that we could never find the truth. It would have been the perfect crime...but he didn’t count on one thing: the director of “Shrek 2” is still alive. I have yet to speak directly to the mastermind behind the holy grail of filmmaking, but I’m sure that if I did he would agree with me because he’s really, really cool.

That’s check and mate, Mr. Welles...



Submitted by Juliana Saxe

